

The Alliance Herald

TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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THE TEN-DAY VACATION.

The action of the Alliance city council in giving the pool halls a ten-day vacation has not been the subject of much comment in Alliance. Presumably there are a few devotees of the game who feel that their rights have been invaded, but if they do any sputtering, they are following the lead of the pool hall owners, and say it under their breath or when they have a carefully selected audience. Which is at least the part of wisdom.

The action taken concerning the pool halls is simply another indication that it pays a city to adopt a system of government under which city officials are selected according to their capabilities rather than because they are on the right side of the voters. The city council has always been responsible for the conduct of these places of amusement. Under the provisions of the law, they have a right to cancel a license at any time during the year. But there have been so many things to be done that the pool halls have been allowed to run as they will. Some of the proprietors have made an earnest effort to abide by the rules. Others have winked at violations of the law, under the mistaken impression that it is up to the police authorities to see that they obey.

The ten-day vacation will undoubtedly be a good thing. It will show, better than a dozen warnings by the police, that it is strictly up to the proprietors of pool halls to see that the laws are enforced. It is barely possible that the men who conduct these businesses do not know of law violations occurring. The ten-day vacation will emphasize the fact that they ought to know. If a pool hall, with or without the consent of its proprietor, is a place where bootleggers and gamblers and boys who have no business there are wont to congregate, it ought to be cleaned up. The city of Alliance cannot afford to appoint a special policeman for each pool hall. It's much easier, and much better, to grant licenses only to men who understand that in being granted the privilege of doing business, there is a responsibility falling on them.

The council will, of course, grant some licenses Thursday evening, and the players of pool and billiards will not much longer be deprived of their pleasure. But the effect of the enforced vacation should be sufficiently strong to last through an entire year. If it proves insufficient in certain cases, the council has authority to revoke the licenses that it grants. An instance or two of this will convince even the most liberal-minded pool hall proprietor that he does have some interest in the caliber of his customers and their conduct while in his building. And as a last resort, if it's impossible to definitely separate the sheep from the goats, there are cities which have managed to get along without pool halls and survive the shock. This is a step that probably will not be necessary.

The council can feel cheered by the fact that its example has been followed by Scottsbluff. Mayor T. D. Deutsch of that city last week requested the council to hold up the granting of licenses until he could call a meeting of applicants and tell them what was expected of them. When the news of the action of Alliance is further disseminated, we can expect to hear of several other places following Alliance's example.

NOT HALF THE STORY.

Senator Ashurst of Arizona—democrat, by the way—has arisen to make some remarks concerning the veterans' bureau and their policy of handling tubercular soldiers. He charges that the bureau has followed a "narrow, reactionary policy," and while these are harsh words, they don't half do justice to the situation.

The Arizona senator's complaint is based largely upon local pride, it seems. Over a thousand ex-soldiers, suffering from tuberculosis, have come to Arizona, attracted by stories of the wonderful climate and its helpfulness for those suffering from the white plague. These thousand boys came there of their own accord. Once settled, they like the climate and finding relief, desire to stay. The government officials lack sufficient hospital facilities for them and have informed them that they may go into hospitals

in other locations. This Mr. Ashurst regards as a crime.

The situation as regards wounded and sick veterans is far more serious than a slight to chambers of commerce and others who are out for the advertising. Heaven knows that there is enough money being spent upon the unfortunate veterans to enable them to have the best of care. The thousand boys in Arizona are really in great luck. There are a good many others who are suffering from tuberculosis and other disabilities received in the service, who are unable to get treatment of any kind. Once an armchair physician has ruled that a case is not entitled to compensation, it's an almost impossible task to get action over his head.

If Senator Ashurst will really investigate the cases of some of these wounded veterans, he'll discover that he has only scratched the surface. There's a lot worse cases to be found. The trouble with most of the national representatives and senators is that they are too busy thinking about the bonus and its possible political effects to raise any row about the wounded. Conditions are getting some better, of course, but it is simply through efficiency that comes with experience. Congress has never really interested itself in the cause of the wounded, any more than Senator Ashurst is interested. What he wants is a government hospital for Arizona—and the tubercular veterans come second with him, if they receive any consideration at all.

A NEW MENACE.

Humorists have to watch their step these days. There's no telling when their most absurd conjectures, written solely for their laugh-producing effects, may not be taken up by some bewhiskered scientist who will prove that they are scientific fact. This is disconcerting, to say the least. If, as we have firmly believed, a good joke never dies, the scientists are taking a cowardly advantage of Mark Twain. The great humorist went to his reward several years ago, leaving behind the greatest single contribution to the world's humorous literature. Now comes a dispatch from Paris that takes all the heart out of one of the best of Mark's remarks, and seeking to change it from undying humor to staid and sober fact.

Mark once offered the opinion that by act of divine providence, a dog has fleas to keep him from brooding too much on the fact that he is a dog. The world accepted it as a joke—not the best joke in the world, of course—but a good, competent, substantial joke, well worth a chuckle.

The scientific world, however, has been studying up on canine temperament the past few months, and a dog specialist, well acquainted with both dogs and fleas, and seeking to know the true inwardness of dog psychology, spoils the joke by saying, in a matter of fact way, that the results of his studies have convinced him that fleas are indispensable to the health and cheerfulness of a dog. If dogs were denied the company of fleas, trouble some though it may be, they would soon fall into a dark and brooding melancholy from which death would be the only release.

Suppose it is true, after all. Suppose that the divine providence did provide dogs with fleas for some such purpose. Why should the cold and calculating scientist refuse to allow an aged joke to live on as a joke? Why change it into a cold and half-interesting fact? Great humorists are as a

benediction to the world, and if science must step in and ruin their efforts, of course. Still, as discovered every day, and sometimes several of them a day. Bootleggers and home distillers are drawing light fines, and heavy fines. The jails are full of violators of the prohibition law.

THE NEW CAPITOL.

The sketches made by Mr. Bertram Goodhue for Nebraska's new capitol are being made public this week, and the state at large has had an opportunity to really know something of what the finished product will be like. The aesthetes of Lincoln, supporting the near-aesthetes on the capitol commission, have been exclaiming for months over the wonderful plans, and have been singing paeans of praise for the huge tower.

The people over the state, in general, have found it difficult to swallow the tower. It's so much of a tower that the rest of the building looks almost squat beneath it. The aesthetic brigade, however, who are organized, have disposed of the few complaints against the tower which reached their ears by the comparatively simple process of drowning out the opposition. Aesthetes are wordy, as a rule, and they have directed most of their praise toward the tower, thus cutting off low-brow complaints before many of them were uttered. It's difficult to argue with a man who knows the lingo of aesthetic appreciation. It's also a pure waste of time to attempt to argue people out of a tower when they have already written poetry celebrating this massive and marvelous conception.

However, the sketches for the entrances, halls and rotunda show that Mr. Bertram Goodhue is really a master of his profession. When the tower is built, it may overshadow the rest of the building, but once those entrances, halls and archways are completed, there will be beauty so apparent that with the tower out of sight, there will be nothing but exclamation over the beauty of the rest of the plans.

The Herald doubts very much whether Mr. Goodhue will ever succeed, as some of his admirers say, in establishing a new style of public buildings. Towers are expensive, and not particularly beautiful. But if it will quiet and soothe some of the Lincoln folks to have that tower waving over them, it may be worth the cost. Those of us who object to the tower can take our pleasure in the remainder of the building, which lives up well to the enthusiastic descriptions of it.

WATCH YOUR BALLOT.

It's rather amusing to listen to the talk of the candidates these days. All have the same disposition to claim that the "wet" and "dry" issue no longer exists since the passage of the Volstead act, and that the injection of it into the campaign is simply an effort to embarrass certain candidates who in other days were labeled "wet" or acknowledged allegiance to that element of the voters.

As a matter of fact, prohibition is more of an issue right now than it ever was. It's true that the Volstead act is now in existence, along with the eighteenth amendment, and that an army of enforcement agents are drawing salaries from state and federal government—with very little to

show for their efforts. There are hundreds of arrests and convictions, of course. Still, as discovered every day, and sometimes several of them a day. Bootleggers and home distillers are drawing light fines, and heavy fines. The jails are full of violators of the prohibition law.

But despite all this, the problem of enforcing prohibition is one of the greatest that faces the country today. No candidate for any office within the gift of the people should be allowed to get by without stating his stand on it. If the voter favors prohibition, it is important that he vote for no official, high or low, who does not feel as he does in the matter. And if he is a light wines and beer advocate, or is a "wet" supporter of any degree, he will realize the importance of having his friends on guard.

The fact is that even the towns which were bone dry and didn't know the meaning of the word bootlegger during the days of the saloon, are filled with hooch makers and salesmen now. In the old days when the Demon Rum was riding high, boys under twenty-one had a hard job getting hold of good-liquor. Now they can get gallons of rotten stuff almost any time or any place. In other days, girls didn't join in the hooch parties. Now the revels aren't complete without them.

The fellow who says that prohibition is no longer an issue is the man who is afraid that his record won't bear looking into, nine times out of ten. The candidate who babbles of every other thing and seeks to turn the subject away from hooch is a candidate that should not be supported. Every official should at least be willing to help in the fight. Makes no difference whether it's city, county, state or national officials who are to be elected, pick the men who aren't afraid to say where they stand, and whom you know are sincere.

There's mighty little danger of the old saloons coming back, with their train of evils, so long as the foes of booze use common sense in casting their ballots. But lukewarm officials can make a great show of enforcing the law, and run up bills so enormous that they can persuade even the ardent prohibitionists that law enforcement under the Volstead act is futile and inefficient. Right now, men are beginning to wonder whether the old time saloons were such an evil as the moonshine era. They have a right to wonder. But proper law enforcement—due care in selecting all officials, from the precinct to congress—can solve the problem. The next can-

didate who tries to tell you that booze is no longer an issue will bear watching, and it will be safe to cast a vote against him on general principles.

OUR BILL FOR COSMETICS

(World-Herald)

American women spent \$750,000,000 last year for cosmetics, according to a recent news item. Undoubtedly there is something wrong about this—not the item but the fact. Probably there are a score of perfectly good reasons why the women of America ought to be talked to about this, talked to severely, even harshly perhaps. Just now, however, we are too busy to think what they are.

Perhaps it is just as well that way, because the same news item says the men's cigaret bill for the same period was \$800,000,000. Allowing for alleged flapper cigaret consumption that makes it about horse and horse between the two sexes.

Distinction should be made, of course, between cigarets and cosmetics. The former, any cigaret smoker will tell you, are a prime necessity, while cosmetics are just darned foolishness.

In view of all the circumstances, perhaps it is just as well to let the women have their cosmetics and say nothing about it. If we don't they'll begin to pick on our smoking. Perhaps even they'll take our cigarets away from us.

BEWARE OF WIRELESS FAKERS.

(American Press.)

Watch out for the wireless fakers. The new generation, since the scandalous stock jobbing operations that marked the advent of the Marconi wireless telegraph concern in which thousands of widows and other poor folk were robbed of their life savings, should read a little history. The public is of short memory. It will not be long before the stock jobbers will be at work offering all kinds of alluring propositions identified with the Marconi and operation of wireless telephone outfits. The danger of being swindled in these highly speculative enterprises is in proportion to the opportunity for profit, and so a double warning is necessary, because the wireless telephone business is destined to stagger the imagination before many years have passed. When the thousand per cent per day proposals reach this town let those with loose change be cautious. Cupidity is a dangerous leader. Follow old General Conservatism and be safe.

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